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ALLEGIENCES

PINECLAN

Clan of the crafty and loyal- (not similar to any clan in particular) They will stick with each other until the bitter end, but that doesn't mean that they are bitter towards other clans; they actually love helping to assist other clans! They are a very accepting clan, known to have many half clan cats, as well as kittypets and loners. They also can make contraptions to hold prey and herbs, and even other clan cats that have visited agree that their camp and dens are the most sturdy and comfortable in the clans. They live under large pine trees, and they have a large creek that travels through Oakclan territory, which eventually goes into the lake.

LEADER **Larkstar-** cream and white she-cat with light green eyes

DEPUTY **Honeytuft-** long haired golden and white she-cat with yellow eyes

MEDICINE CAT **Olivebranch-** light brown she-cat with olive eyes

WARRIORS (toms, and she-cats without kits)

Fennelspeck- reddish-brown ticked tom with light brown eyes

Lilystripe- light grey tabby she-cat with pale violet eyes

Lightwhisker- black and white tom with green eyes
Apprentice, Poppypaw

Brambleheart- dark brown tabby tom with dark green eyes

Dusksong- pretty long-haired dark grey and white tabby she-cat with deep blue eyes **Apprentice, Swiftpaw**

Leafmoon- slender cream tabby she-cat with green eyes

Apprentice, Owlpaw

Hazelbranch- Light brown she-cat with hazel eyes

Amberfall- calico she-cat with amber eyes

Rowanfoot- dark ginger and white tom with grey eyes

Mudbelly- plump dark brown tabby tom with brown eyes

Birchflight- skinny pale ginger tom with light blue eyes

Maplebreeze- pale ginger she-cat with light brown eyes
Apprentice, Duskpaw

Sorrelfang- tortoiseshell she-cat with green eyes
Apprentice, Rosepaw

Darkfoot- black tom with dark orange eyes
Apprentice, Frostpaw

Lionfoot- long-haired-gold tabby tom with one blue eye and one green eye **Apprentice, Moonpaw**

APPRENTICES (More than 6 moons old, in training to become warriors)

Rosepaw- long-haired dark reddish-brown she-cat with light hazel eyes

Poppypaw- slender pretty hazel tabby she-cat with light green eyes

Moonpaw- small calico she-cat with yellow eyes

Owlpaw- white cat with strange black feather-like markings and olive eyes

Swiftpaw- light ginger tabby she-cat with yellow eyes

Duskpaw- dark grey tabby tom with orange-yellow eyes

Frostpaw- very pale grey she-cat with lighter grey stripes and dark blue eyes

QUEENS

Icefur- sleek white she-cat with ice blue eyes

STARCLAN CATS

Sorrelstar- tortoiseshell she-cat with yellow eyes

Lightfern- Long-haired white she-cat with olive green eyes

Appleheart- Light brown tabby tom with light green eyes

Flamecloud- Long-haired dark ginger tabby tom with yellow eyes

(I'm just going to add more cats and the rest of the clans as they are introduced in the story... this took me a whopping 2 hours to think of and type...)

OTHER CLANS/CATS

Willowclan- (similar to Windclan) Clan of the proud and nimble- this clan consists of entirely Willowclan pure-blood cats. they are very traditional, and are not afraid to brag once and a while. The valley portion of their territory has made them extremely quick and nimble. They aren't the most friendly cats, but they aren't fox-hearted either. Known to be somewhat short-tempered, you don't want to mess with them or they won't hesitate to battle. Their territory is almost completely moor and valley, but there are some rocks and cliffs towards the edge of their territory.

Reedclan- (similar to Riverclan) Clan of the beautiful and graceful- These cats are agreed to be the most beautiful out of all the clans; they are all sleek with well-groomed coats, which helps them to swim. they are also known for loving beautiful things as well, and often use shells or sea glass to decorate their dens, or at a clanmate's burial. They are known to be clever, yet stubborn as well. They mostly choose to avoid any confrontation, but they are not soft in battle, and will not give up easily. Their territory consists of marsh, plains, and the lake. their camp is practically an island, except the narrow rock path that connects to the hunting grounds.

Oakclan- (similar to Thunderclan) Clan of the peaceful and courageous- They have rarely gotten into clan battle, but make up in battle with exceptional hunting skills; they've never run out of prey! The other four clans joke how Oakclan is "sickeningly kind", they are too nice to the other clans and cats. None of the clans try to start quarrels with them because they really never do anything wrong! Not surprisingly, they take in cats out of the clans, and have been known in the past to take in exiled or clanless clan cats. They have exceptionally skilled medicine cats as well- all three of them! Their medicine cats have helped heal other clan cats, and especially after or during leaf-bare. Their territory is mostly forest, but there is a small creek portion, that eventually leads to the lake.

Prologue

Four cats gathered around a small pond, glistening in the moonlight. The cats' starry pelts shimmered as well, and they gazed into the sparkling water. A small calico she-cat is seen, standing alone in front of her clan entrance while several other cats make their way out, into the forest. "She seems distressed," a she-cat with deep green eyes and long white fur says with sympathy in her voice. "Indeed," a second cat says, standing up, the moonlight making his brown tabby pelt shimmer. "Appleheart," a third voice says, this time belonging to a tortoiseshell she-cat. "We mustn't be hasty-- this is a delicate matter." "Of course, Sorrelstar," the tom murmurs apologetically, and sits down beside her once again. "We must help her control her emotions, or she could put herself *and* the clan in danger," the white she-cat spoke with a hint of warning in her voice. "Well we certainly can't break her."
The cats' attention now focuses on the fourth cat, a dark ginger tabby tom. "If we put too much stress on her, we could break her, and her emotions could cause somewhat of a catastrophe." He gives a light chuckle, and stares down into the pond, looking at the small she-cat. "Well of course," Sorrelstar finally says, after a long moment of silence. "This is just one of the many challenges we may face by accepting to guide her," said the she-cat with a calm expression, though her voice trailed off into thought. "Flamecloud may be right," the white she-cat spoke, "Since we are unable to know when or if this she-cat may stop being ridiculed, I suggest we take action as soon as we can." Her eyes sparkled with both sadness and empathy, but her voice was strong. "I am aware, Lightfern. But this is a huge commitment, even for Starclan." Sorrelstar was almost cut off by a small gasp. She turned to see Appleheart focusing on the pond. "Oh, maybe a prophecy or something might help her," he said sarcastically, and gestured toward the several flashing images in the pond.

"Oh..." Sorrelstar replied, her voice though quiet, was filled with agony and panic. "Relax," Appleheart said, worried that their former leader might crumble under the stress. "If this prophecy is a message meant for Starclan to deliver, then it is our duty." His voice

clear with resolve, Sorrelstar knew this was the conclusion of their meeting. "Then it's settled," Flamecloud looked expectantly at Sorrelstar, who then nodded a farewell to the three cats. The others stood up, and the three cats went their separate ways. Only Sorrelstar stood at the edge of the pond.

"I won't mess this up for you."

(I've revised the previous prologue, just to give it some more dynamic... Let me know what you guys think :D)

Chapter 1

[image]

*"Do you apprentices want to help me collect supplies for repairing the dens?" The five apprentices looked up at the warrior. "*Of course!" Shouted a small tabby she-cat, eagerly racing towards the camp entrance. "Let's go, then. It might take a while, and we'll need to be back by sun down," the warrior said as she flicked her tail towards the fresh-kill pile. Moonpaw stood up and padded alongside her clanmates. "Sorry Moonpaw, not this time," She heard the warrior say. "What?" Moonpaw gasped worryingly as she turned around to face the older she-cat. "The branches will be far too heavy for you, and you won't be able to carry the brambles back or you'll just slow us down anyway," She said, resting her tail on Moonpaw's head. "But Maplebreeze! I didn't lose a leg, there has to be something i can do!" Her fur bristled. "*Why don't you go collect some moss?"* The words pierced through Moonpaw, and she couldn't help unsheathing her claws.

Maplebreeze went off with the other apprentices, and vanished past the entrance. *Of course. I should've seen that coming.* Moonpaw dug her claws into the ground. "I'm not a kit!" She yelled towards Maplebreeze's direction. "Better luck next time," Her mentor said as he padded up to her. "Luck hardly has anything to do with it," She almost snarled, facing him. "I'm just as good of an apprentice as them!" Moonpaw lashed her tail furiously, yet her eyes shone with grief.

"Yes, but there are some things that you just can't control," the golden tom said as he licked the apprentice's ear to comfort her. "You mean like my size?" She hissed. "I know that's what you were thinking..." she murmured sorrowfully and padded towards the camp entrance. "It'll get better," he spoke calmly, his eyes softening with sympathy for the small she-cat. "Maybe." Moonpaw looked into the distance wistfully, just barely making out the figures of the cats. "Thanks, Lionfoot. I guess I should be getting that moss Maplebreeze asked for," She nodded a quick "thank you", and ran out of the camp, deep into the pine tree forest.

(This is me 8 chapters from now-- if you're wondering why these chapters are so short, dont't worry! It gets better~)

Chapter 2

The sun began to sink behind the trees, turning the sky into a pale orange color. Moonpaw dragged large clumps of moss into the camp, tied together with tendrils of ivy. Moonpaw padded towards the medicine cat den. "Olivebranch, I brought you some moss to use for water or nests or whatever," She said tiredly as she released the bundle of moss from her jaws. "Why don't you eat something? You worked hard today," Olivebranch said as she shoved the bundle of moss onto a shelf-like structure. "If you say so," Moonpaw said as she padded over to the fresh-kill pile.

Moonpaw was about to pick up a piece of prey, but she bumped into something. "Oh, hello Moonpaw. Wanna share this squirrel?" Moonpaw recognized the voice and swerved around to face the cat. "Oh, um sure, why not?" She said awkwardly as she followed the brown tabby tom. "Thanks, Brambleheart," She said as they both sat down. "So what did you do today, on your amazing apprentice adventures?" He asked, flicking his tail playfully. "Collected moss," She said, then taking a bite out of the squirrel. "Nice!" Brambleheart said, taking a bite out of his portion of the squirrel as well.

"This is nice of you and all, but why aren't you sharing prey with Lilystripe?" Moonpaw asked, confused. She had seen them talking to each other a lot, but who knows what Lilystripe was up to these days. "What do you mean?" He replied. "Oh, nothing, I just assumed you guys were mates." She said, licking her chest fur in embarrassment. "Yeah, that happens alot," He chuckled.

Once they finished their meal, Moonpaw made her way to the center of the camp, and lay down on the soft grass to relax for a little while. She saw out of the corner of her eye that Maplebreeze and the other four apprentices were getting their prey. *They probably came back while I was eating,* She thought as she closed her eyes.

"You *totally* like him, don't you!?"

Moonpaw scowled as the shouting continued. "You two would make an adorable couple, did you know that?" "Lilystripe!" Moonpaw tried hushing the warrior. She felt her pelt getting hot. "Keep it down, will you? I don't want the whole clan knowing!" Moonpaw scolded the young warrior. Lilystripe and Moonpaw were very good friends, aside from the apprentices, despite their age difference. Lilystripe and the apprentices were the only ones to know her secret crush on Brambleheart, and she didn't plan on anyone else finding out. "Sorry," Lilystripe whispered, and pranced off to the fresh-kill pile.

After wishing her friends a good night, Moonpaw plopped down into her nest. *It really has been a long day,* She thought. *Who knew that getting some moss was so tiring?* Moonpaw eventually fell asleep to the soft chatter of her clanmates, and the chilly breeze outside of the den.

Chapter 3

Moonpaw felt a strong breeze against her pelt. She looked up at the silver moon in the shimmering night sky, and sprinted across the field. She spotted a rabbit in the distance, and pursued it. It ran faster and faster, and Moonpaw quickened her pace. All of the sudden, the rabbit disappeared. "Moonpaw," She heard a faint voice say as she tripped over her paws, landing face first onto the ground.

"Get up," The cat said, as they flicked Moonpaw's head with their tail. "Nice meeting you too," Moonpaw snorted as she grudgingly sat up. "If you want to get stronger, you have to get used to falling down, and getting back up." Moonpaw was very confused. what sort of a dream was this? "What do you mean?" She said as the cat circled around Moonpaw, almost as if they were inspecting her.

"Flamecloud!" Moonpaw saw a tortoiseshell she-cat running toward the two cats. "Just *what* do you think you're doing here!?" She exclaimed as she skidded to a halt in front of them.

Not wanting to make the situation any worse for himself, Flamecloud vanished into the trees beyond the field.

"Moonpaw," Sorrelstar began, "Starclan has been observing you, and we have decided to grant your needs." Moonpaw looked down, and almost began to sob. "You mean like not being treated like a kit my whole life? I think it might be too late for that," She grunted as she sat down in front of the Starclan cat. "Now, I need you to listen carefully," Sorrelstar said solemnly as she also sat down.

"Before you can be proven, blood will spill and you must be the cobweb."

Before Moonpaw could process what was just said to her, the starry cat left as suddenly as she had arrived, vanishing into the dark trees surrounding Moonpaw. She had no time to think about what just happened, for the field and the trees around her spun around, growing hazy then vanishing completely, until all she could see was blackness all around her.

Chapter 4

Moonpaw lumbered out of her nest. Seeing that she woke up just as the rest of the apprentices had, Moonpaw went out into the camp to find her mentor. "What's wrong, Moonpaw? is something wrong?" She turned around to see Poppypaw with a small wet ball of moss in her jaws. "Oh no, just tired." She nodded her head and padded towards Lionfoot. "Ready for training, little 'paw?" He teased as they both made their way to the camp entrance. "I always am!" She said as they both raced to the creek.

Just as the two arrived at the creek, a small wave of water splashed onto the rock they were standing on, soaking their fur. Moonpaw shivered. "Get used to it, because today we're going to practice crossing the creek during battle!" Lionfoot nimbly leaped from one stone to the other, until he was almost 10 fox-lengths away from where he started. As he made his way back, Moonpaw could barely sit still.

"Now you try," he just managed to utter before Moonpaw raced across the stones, trying to jump from rock to rock, just as her mentor just did. But being careless with where her feet were going, she almost immediately slipped, landing bottom first into the icy cold stream. "Now that is what we like to call being reckless," He scolded, placing his tail on the apprentices head. "We don't want any injured apprentices, now do we?" Moonpaw already felt better, and replied with the same reply she always had when he said that: "Well of course not, who else would pick ticks out of Oakfur's pelt?" They both laughed, and Lionfoot went back to the stone that they had started from.

"Watch carefully," He instructed, now leaping from rock to rock at a slower pace. This time, Moonpaw took note of where he placed his feet. Once he came back, Moonpaw went off again, making sure to follow her mentor's advice. She jumped at a slower pace as well, and made sure her feat were firmly planted on each stone as she leaped there from the previous one. She made it all the way to the

last stone and back, all without a slip or scratch. "I did it!" She huffed triumphantly as she crashed on the ground exhausted.

"We still need to go back to camp you know," Lionfoot said as he coaxed Moonpaw towards the path that would lead them back to Pineclan camp.

Just as they were about to set off, Moonpaw heard a sharp hiss following an "Ow," coming from Lionfoot. "What hap-" Moonpaw cut herself off when she saw Lionfoot's bleeding paw. "You wouldn't mind getting some cobwebs, would you?" He said cheerfully as Moonpaw ran towards him. "Of course not," She said, running to a large pine tree with a clump of cobwebs stuck to the side of it. She scraped as much as she could off, before racing back to her injured mentor, and pressing it firmly on his paw. "Thanks, 'paw, I knew I could always count on you!" He said, licking Moonpaw on the shoulder.

Once they got back to camp, both cats headed for the medicine cat den. "Olivebranch, we got a nicked paw over here," Moonpaw said as Olivebranch greeted them in front of her den. "Well let's take a look," Said the medicine cat as she invited the cats in. She removed the cobwebs, and wore a facial expression of surprise mingled with sympathy. "This is no nick," She said, staring at the sliced open pad on Lionfoot's paw. "It'll still heal just as fine, though," She reassured to the two cats. She immediately noticed the shape of the cut. "Hey, it looks like a moon!" Lionfoot said as he too saw the crescent-shaped cut.

Olivebranch was a very skilled medicine cat, and she knew this wasn't just a coincidence. She saw a shocked look on Moonpaw's face, but made no effort to discuss it while her mentor was still here. "You did good work, Moonpaw," Olivebranch reassured as Moonpaw and Lionfoot left the medicine cat den.

Olivebranch knew there was something the apprentice wasn't telling her, and she intended on finding out what that was.

(After getting over a bought of writers block,

here's two chapters just for you! (づ￣ ³￣)づ)

Chapter 5

Exhausted, Moonpaw padded over to the fresh kill pile, stomach growling. She picked up a mouse, and went to her usual spot, a grassy patch near the edge of the main cliff, which is also where Larkstar often gave announcements. The camp was on very high ground, and Moonpaw loved the beautiful view.

"May I join you?" Moonpaw saw Brambleheart walking up to her with a mouse in his jaws. "Of course," Said the small she-cat as he sat down. They both looked at the sunset, then at each other. "It's nice," Brambleheart said, trying not to make things awkward. "Yeah," Moonpaw replied, enjoying the time they got to spend together at last. She took a bite out of her mouse, remembering why she came here in the first place, as did Brambleheart. The sun started to set, and the Pineclan camp was tinted orange. The two cats had finished their meals, but continued to talk, laugh, and enjoy each other's company.

Soon Brambleheart's friends called him over, so they said goodbye and he left, but soon being replaced as Rosepaw and Lilystripe came over to Moonpaw. "Flirting, much?" Lilystripe teased as she flicked her tail towards the tom cat. "No, and keep it down!" Moonpaw whispered as her cheeks felt hot. "Whatever you say," Rosepaw also teased, jokingly flicking Moonpaw's head with her tail. The three she-cats laughed.

The sky was now tinted a violet-blue, and the clan cats started to make their way to the dens. Moonpaw curled up in her nest, constructed of moss and feathers. Very tired from her long day of training, she had no trouble drifting off into a deep sleep.

Moonpaw jolted awake. The night sky shimmered, as well as the grass below her feet. She was in the same field she was in when the Starclan cats delivered the prophecy to her. She sighed, and sat down, waiting for something to happen. "From this point on, we will guide you." Moonpaw saw a light brown tabby tom appear,

walking towards her. "What guiding do I need?" She replied, curiously.

"I will show you," The tom said as he walked past her. Moonpaw turned around to see a cliff, similar but not exact to the one where she was on previously. "Come," The tom said gently, motioning his tail toward the cliff. Moonpaw cautiously padded toward him. Her eyes were wide as she peeked over the cliff, with tall pine trees below it, and spanning far beyond the cliff, just like the clan camp. "I am Appleheart, and I will be testing your bravery," The tom began, calmly sitting down, neatly wrapping his tail over his paws. Moonpaw wasn't prepared for what he was about to say next, and he didn't expect her to.

"Jump."

(I'm sorry for not posting anything for a while, I've had a surprising amount of homework for the beginning of the year... I hope you're enjoying the story so far! ★~(◠◕))

Chapter 6

Moonpaw stared at Appleheart with a very confused expression. "You *must* have bees in your brain," She said nervously as she backed away from the cliff edge. "Do I look like I'm joking?" Appleheart said in a fiercer tone, lowering his head and squinting his eyes. Moonpaw's heart skipped a beat, and she began to panic. "So you expect me to just *jump?*" She looked down the cliff. "Why of course, what else did you think I'd have you do?" Appleheart said in a serious tone.

"I can't!" Moonpaw shouted, wanting to run away as far as she could. But she stayed still, and on the brink of tears. Like a coward. "Do want you want, apprentice, but i assure you there will be no death. This *is* a dream after all." *Like that's comforting...* She thought, edging closer to the edge of the cliff. "This is a dream after all..." Moonpaw repeated, trying to convince herself to jump. Appleheart concentrated on the small she-cat, hoping she wouldn't back out of it. She couldn't be a coward anymore. Moonpaw knew she had to prove herself. She crouched, bunching up her hindquarters.

"I have to be brave!"

To Appleheart's surprise, Moonpaw leaped off the cliff with confidence. *Aren't you proud!?* She thought triumphantly as she felt the wind on her face. She closed her eyes as she plummeted down the steep cliff. she turned on her back, she yowled with joy. Moonpaw opened her eyes, and admired herself for a moment. She really did it. She was brave.

She continued to fall, and got a little worried. She started to panic again as she saw the ground coming closer and closer. *I'm going to die!* She thrashed her paws in the air, and yowled for help. "Appleheart! Appleheart!" She shouted, but it was no use. She closed her eyes and braced herself, preparing for inevitable fate. She heard a loud thump, but felt no pain.

Her vision went to a sparkling, pitch black. *"This is what happens to*

leaders when they lose a life," She heard Appleheart's soothing voice say, *"But not in your case."* Moonpaw was unable to speak, so she just listened. *"Congratulations, Moonpaw. You have proved your bravery."*

(Wow this chapter was so thrilling... It just makes your palms all sweaty, right? I'll definitely come out with another chapter soon, so stay tuned~ (▬˘◡˘▬))

Chapter 7

Moonpaw woke up with sweaty paws. She lifted her head to check if anybody else was awake, and the she-cat sat up and shook out her ruffled fur.

It's still night... she thought as she gazed at the silver moon. Owlpaw woke up, mumbled something, and immediately fell back asleep. Moonpaw sighed in relief and stalked out of the den. It was surprisingly bright outside for a leaf-fall night, but then again Moonpaw's eyes had already adjusted to the darkness when she first woke up. She took a breath of fresh air, and padded toward the cliff. She sat down in the soft grass, and closed her eyes. *It's so peaceful...* Moonpaw thought joyfully as she leaned forward, the breeze blowing on her soft pelt.

She opened her eyes, and her face was almost a few paw steps away from the cliff edge. "Agh!" The apprentice yelped as she jumped back from the cliff edge. "What's going on?" Moonpaw craned her head and saw her mentor grudgingly padding out of the den. "I, um..." Moonpaw was embarrassed to tell her mentor that she had almost fallen off of the cliff. "I was startled by a rustling sound, I thought it was a fox," She quickly covered up. "Oh, well no worries," Lionfoot obliviously reassured the apprentice, and placed his tail on her shoulder.

"It's almost dawn, isn't it?" Moonpaw thought out loud. "Yes, it is," Lionfoot agreed as he turned to see the glowing moon, sinking into the trees. "In that case, maybe we should hunt before the dawn patrols begin." "Sure," Moonpaw said excitedly as she followed her mentor out of the camp.

The two cats followed the path down to the hunting grounds, which was just beside the creek. "I hear a mouse," Moonpaw whispered, as the cats both crouched down. Moonpaw spotted the mouse near a pile of leaves. Making sure not to step on any twigs or leaves, she quickly stalked across the forest floor, keeping low to the ground.

The mouse had also spotted her, and was about to dart out of her view, but it was too slow. Moonpaw pounced on top of it, and it was already dead before she could finish it off.

Lionfoot and Moonpaw came back to camp with full jaws of prey, and just in time. The sun was about to rise, and it was just visible beyond the pine trees. The two sat down, and appreciated the beautiful sunrise. "You're going to do great things," Lionfoot said, still staring ahead. "Yeah," Moonpaw said hesitantly. *He could be right,* she thought. *But what would i have to go through for that to happen?*

(I haven't wrote anything in so long, I've just been so busy! While listening to music, I pretty much had a light bulb moment and planned out the rest of the whole plot, so there'll be more coming soon!)

Chapter 8

Moonpaw saw cats staring to awaken. She awkwardly groomed herself, realizing that the patrols would not start for some time. "Early riser, huh?" Moonpaw looked up at the skinny pale ginger tom. "I guess. You should try it sometime, Birchflight," She teased and continued to groom herself.

Moonpaw watched as two apprentices, escorted by their mentors, strutted out of the leader's den. Moonpaw grunted as she saw them line up below the ledge where Larkstar gave announcements. "Let all cats old enough..." Moonpaw new exactly what the leader was going to say, and quickly joined Rosepaw beneath the ledge.

Larkstar sat up as she waved her tail, signaling the two cats to come up. "Duskpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend your Clan, even at the cost of your life?" "I do," Duskpaw said proudly. "And do you, Frostpaw, promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend your Clan, even at the cost of your life?" "I do!" Frostpaw almost shouted, as she glanced at Moonpaw with a smirk. "Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior names. Duskpaw, from this moment you will be known as Duskfur. Frostpaw, from this moment you will be known as Frostwhisker. Starclan honors the braveness, courage, and independence of both of you, and we welcome you as a full warrior of Pineclan. Moonpaw and Rosepaw winced at the sheer volume of their clanmates' shouts. "Duskfur, Frostwhisker! Duskfur, Frostwhisker!"

Frostwhisker wasted no time rushing off the ledge to Moonpaw. "Good luck being an apprentice, *Mousepaw*!" Moonpaw immediately unsheathed her claws, and Rosepaw glanced worriedly at her. "What are you going to do? Bat me with your little shrew paws?" Moonpaw yowled as she lunged at Frostwhisker, fury blazing in her eyes. She latched her claws into Frostwhisker's side, and pulled out a chunk of fur. She then yowled at Moonpaw, and sank her teeth into the apprentice's hind leg. Moonpaw spat furiously, and clawed at the white she-cat's ears. "*That's enough!*" The two cats fell apart as

Larkstar shoved her way between them. "My ear!" Frostwhisker yowled as blood streamed from her torn ear. Moonpaw looked up at the she-cat's severed ear, and immediately froze. *What have I done?*

"Frostwhisker, go to Olivebranch's den immediately." Larkstar glared at Moonpaw. "My den. Now." The crowd of cats around Moonpaw and Frostwhisker awkwardly dispersed as the two she-cats went their separate ways. Larkstar led Moonpaw to her den, a large crack underneath the ledge that connected to a small cave. "I don't want to hear any explanation or excuses. See Olivebranch for your punishment, since she seems to have seen more of the fight than I." Larkstar said no more as she slunk out of her den, leaving Moonpaw alone. "Y'okay?" Brambleheart popped his head into the den. Moonpaw only grunted as she followed him out into the camp. "Talk to me," Brambleheart said comfortingly as they went outside of the camp.

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"It'll get better, don't worry," Brambleheart told Moonpaw reassuringly, and licked her ear. "I hope," she said as he shoved past the brambles, into the camp. Olivebranch was already waiting for her, and had blocked the entrance to the camp. "There's nothing else I could've done for Frostwhisker." Olivebranch sighed and sat down. "You mean..." A look of sheer horror spread across the apprentice's face as she started breathing heavily. "No! She lost half her ear but you couldn't of killed her!" Olivebranch pushed herself against Moonpaw to calm her down. "Sorry," Moonpaw mumbled and stared at the ground. "Your punishment is that I will have Lionfoot delay your warrior ceremony for one moon. Fighting is not taken lightly in this clan." "But...!" Olivebranch silenced Moonpaw with her tail, and quietly slipped past the brambles into the camp.

(I haven't written anything in so long..

But don't worry, we're just starting to get to the juicy stuff! (ﾉ◕ヮ◕)ﾉ)

Chapter 9

"Okay... Good. Try that again." It was Flamecloud's turn to mentor Moonpaw, this time with agility skills. *How much more agonizing can this get...* Moonpaw snorted as Flamecloud made her repeat the same exercise for the fourth time. "Dart left. Dart right. Jump over the log. Is this really that complicated?" "I--" Moonpaw hadn't enough time to finish her remark before Sorrelstar appeared from the undergrowth. "How's the training coming along?" Sorrelstar asked cheerily as she prodded Moonpaw's back leg. "Posture is very important if you want to be swift," she commented and circled the apprentice. "I don't want to be swift," Moonpaw replied quietly, shuffling her back leg into the correct pose.
"You wished to stand out, did you not?" Sorrelstar narrowed her eyes at the young she-cat. Moonpaw fell silent. "Then do as we say." Moonpaw tried again, darting right, then left, then jumping over the old log which was covered in moss and unknown sorts of fungi. "Hm," remarked Sorrelstar as she nodded at Flamecloud with approval and vanished into the forest growth.

After a few moments of silence, Flamecloud stepped up to Mooncloud, and put his face in front of hers. "It could use some improvement," he said as he smirked and stared into the she-cat's eyes. Moonpaw jumped back, and Flamecloud flicked his tail and chuckled. "That's enough for today, I suppose you'll want some rest for tomorrow." Moonpaw felt her face become hot. *Since when did Flamecloud act like this?* She could tell that he had taken an interest in her, but she quickly brushed it off.
It was a rather chilly morning. Moonpaw shivered and stalked out of the apprentice den. "You're just in time for the hunting patrol, Moonpaw. Would you like to come?" It was Brambleheart. "Of course, Brambleheart," Moonpaw said joyfully as she sped up to meet the patrol. Her heart fluttered a little as she trailed close behind the warrior out of the camp.

"Blackbird," one of the warriors muttered urgently. "Shh, Hazelbranch," Brambleheart hissed. As soon as Moonpaw spotted he blackbird, her legs were already carrying her toward it. She pounced on it before the bird had a chance to fly away, and quickly

nipped the back of its neck. "Well done," Brambleheart praised as Moonpaw buried the prey under a pile of leaves.

The hunting trip was very successful, and the patrol came back, jaws brimming with prey. "Wow!" Lilystripe gasped as she ran up to Moonpaw. "I've never seen a blackbird that big!" She exclaimed and picked a vole out of the fresh-kill pile. "Want to share?" Moonpaw spun around to Lionfoot, holding a squirrel in his jaws. "'Course," the she-cat replied and followed him to the usual spot.

"So here's what we're going to do toda--"Lionfoot interrupted himself by taking a bite out of the squirrel. Moonpaw softly giggled and also took a bite out of the squirrel. "Back to the creek?" The apprentice remembered jumping from rock to rock, the sound of the running stream fresh in her memory. "Not today, actually." Lionfoot looked up with a mysterious expression in his gaze. "Hm?" Moonpaw asked, confused. "All of the apprentices are going to practice fighting today." Moonpaw's confused expression quickly lit up and she leaned in closer to hear all the details.

"We're late!" Lionfoot shouted as he and Moonpaw ran full-tilt towards the clearing, where they could already hear the apprentices practicing. "Intruders!!" Yowled a pale tabby apprentice as she launched herself at Moonpaw, who unknowingly veered right into the clearing. Both apprentices rolled into the brambles to the side of the clearing, with Moonpaw's assailant landing directly on top of the small she-cat. "Swftphaw..." Moonpaw muffled through the tabby's ruffled fur. "Swiftpaw! Get off of me!" She said, spitting out the fur in her mouth. "See? This is what happens when cats show up late."

Moonpaw tried to swivel her head around towards the she-cat's voice. "Oh, why hello Sorrelfang..." Lionfoot greeted the tortoiseshell she-cat apprehensively. "I'm so sorry!" Moonpaw said as she awkwardly struggled out of the brambles. "It's a wonder you two showed up at all," the older she-cat remarked scornfully. "You see, this is my fault--" "Of course it is," Sorrelfang interrupted Moonpaw, "And as punishment, you can watch the other apprentices while they practice fighting moves." "That's ridiculous!" Lionfoot exclaimed, his fur standing on end. "No, Lionfoot. Ridiculous is showing up late to training, and expecting to be taught." Sorrelfang then simply motioned the golden tabby away, and Lionfoot gave Moonpaw an apologetic glance before heading toward camp. Though Moonpaw's chest burned with rage, she

followed orders, but spent the rest of the time unsheathing and sheathing her claws into the mossy ground, imagining it was Sorrelfang's pelt.

(I know i haven't published anything in a while, so I tried to make this chapter a little longer!)